

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE



3 2449 0349723 7

Miss Gladys

Locked

52207

the BRAMBLER



A SWEET BRIAR ANTHOLOGY
1933

Archives

LH


1

.S94

B7

April 1933

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

A

Sweet Briar Anthology

1909-1933

SELECTED BY

The Brambler Staff

FROM POEMS PUBLISHED IN

The Sweet Briar Magazine

AND

The Brambler

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

APRIL, 1933

Staff Page

Editor-in-Chief

BETTY SUTTLE, '34

Associate Editors

KATHARINE MEANS, '34

GWENDOLYN PRATT, '36

MARJORIE RIS, '33

ELIZABETH SELDEN, '33

Business Manager

SUE GRAVES, '33

Assistant Business Manager

JULIA SADLER, '34

Circulation Manager

CORNELIA MURRAY, '33

Faculty Advisor

MRS. DORA NEILL RAYMOND

DEDICATED

to those

who have enriched the life
and the tradition of Sweet Briar
with their verse

INDEX

ANONYMOUS	
<i>Ballad</i>	9
<i>Fragment</i>	23
<i>Heat</i>	25
BOYD, CLARE <i>Shenehon</i>	
<i>Sweet Briar Lake in Springtime</i>	18
DABNEY, ALICE	
<i>Quiet Lady</i>	38
<i>Tapestry</i>	45
DUKE, HELEN	
<i>When You Were Six and I Was Half Past Four</i>	13
EGGLESTON, ELIZABETH C.	
<i>Life</i>	27
<i>Tree</i>	30
FAESCH, REBECCA <i>White</i>	
<i>An Hungarian Dance</i>	21
HENDERSON, MARY	
<i>Four Write Love Poems</i>	32
HORTON, NANCY-PHYLLIS	
<i>A Poem</i>	35
<i>Nocturne</i>	37
<i>Geisha</i>	44
<i>Sonnet</i>	48
KEMP, K.	
<i>Sheep</i>	24
KERR, MARY <i>Pinkerton</i>	
<i>Sweet Briar Song</i>	8
<i>The Minuet</i>	10
<i>Ballad of October</i>	14
<i>Verse</i>	20
LASAR, MARJORIE	
<i>The Scavenger</i>	34
MONHOFF, HILDEGARDE <i>Flanner</i>	
<i>Night</i>	17
MOORE, ELIZABETH	
<i>Sonnet</i>	31
<i>A Poem</i>	36
<i>Poem</i>	46

MORRIS, ANNETTE	
<i>Vision of a Half Breed Trapper</i>	39
SHEPARD, ABIGAIL	
<i>Greek Idyll</i>	47
SMYTH, AMEY	
<i>Myself</i>	15
<i>Alone on Unseen Heights</i>	29
THOMPSON, JANE GUIGNARD	
<i>Inherency</i>	28
THOMPSON, MARGARET Lee	
<i>Chess Players</i>	22
WALKER, MARIAN	
<i>To a Lady</i>	42
WILSON, NANCY TUCKER	
<i>To Father</i>	49
A. K. B.	
<i>Sweet Briar House</i>	16
E. M.	
<i>Astarte</i>	43
M. P.	
<i>Ballade of the Bond Folk</i>	12
<i>Song</i>	19
R. B. W.	
<i>Before the Storm</i>	11
S. R. R.	
<i>Casualty</i>	26

PREFATORY NOTE

Dear Brambler:

It was a felicitous thought of your present Gardeners ("Editors" are they called by the poor Printer's Devil?) to gather back from departed seasons these transient blooms of your briar and bind them here in one spangle.

Even Miss Dix cannot do that with her jonquil blooms, on the verge of the East Dell. They that took the winds of many a March with their beauty—what conjury can gather them back to blow again?

Remembrance can, yes; but poetry is the only bloom of remembrance that does not wilt in being regathered, for poetry is the permanence of things transient.

So these verses—which you, hardy Brambler, have put forth through your leafage of prose in vari-colored buds and blossoms—will be still fragrant of Sweet Briar campus, and shall flower here in print, when pale jonquils lie pressed in your leaves.

Percy MacKaye

INTRODUCTION

It seemed that, in the thirty-two years which have elapsed since the founding of Sweet Briar, we should have produced some poems worthy of being collected into one volume. Hence, the *Brambler* staff decided to make this issue of the magazine an anthology of Sweet Briar verse. The staff turned for the poems to back issues of the *Sweet Briar Magazine* (1909-1923), the forerunner of the *Brambler*, and to the later issues of the *Brambler*. There have been, no doubt, many poems written at Sweet Briar which have not appeared in these magazines and we regret that we have not had access to these. To select the poems to be included was a task we had not before encountered and we, no doubt, have made mistakes in judgment. However, if the collection is representative of Sweet Briar poetry, if it shows something of development through the years, and, if it shows something of the spirit that is youth and Sweet Briar, we shall be content.

We have been very fortunate in having the poet, Percy MacKaye, resident on campus this year, and the *Brambler* feels itself especially fortunate in being able to publish his preface to its anthology.

The *Brambler* wishes to thank Mr. MacKaye for the prefatory note, and also Mrs. Vivienne Barkalow Breckenridge and Mrs. Dora Neill Raymond for their kind advice.

B. S.

Sweet Briar Song

Sweet Briar! Sweet Briar! the flower fair,
The rose that on your crest you wear
Shall never fade, but always bear
Thy beauty, O Sweet Briar!

Sweet Briar! Sweet Briar! thy columns white
Shine on the hills, a beacon light
Of truth to burn with radiance bright.
Forever, O Sweet Briar!

Sweet Briar! Sweet Briar! we sing to thee,
May thy foundations ever be
Strong as thy hills; thy purity
That of thy rose, Sweet Briar!

—Mary *Pinkerton* Kerr, '12

Ballad

Ave Maria, mother of love,
Look from thy golden throne above;
Oh, help thy sinful, sorrowing child;
Save me and comfort me, mother mild.

Ave Maria, thou knowest all,
Of how I left my father's hall
To follow the knight I loved the best.
Ave Maria, oh, give me rest!

Ave Maria, and didst thou see?
I met him by the blasted tree
That stands without the castle wall,
To follow at his beck and call.

Ave Maria, mother so mild,
My father cursed his only child.
He rode in wrath to meet my knight,
And called him forth to bloody fight.

Ave Maria, pity my fate,
That I my father needs must hate
He killed the knight I loved the best.
Ave Maria, oh, give me rest!

—Anonymous

The Minuet

Slipper'd feet that lightly go,
Graceful bow and curtsy low,
On the measure stately, slow,
Of the minuet.

Falling scarf and flutt'ring lace
Float and fly with airy grace
On the tripping, even pace
Of the minuet.

Merry hearts that gaily beat
To the tune of dancing feet,
Moving through the music sweet
Of the minuet.

Grace of days that now are dead,
Charm of hours that long since fled,
Come again in stately tread
Of the minuet.

—Mary *Pinkerton* Kerr, '12

Before the Storm

Immeasurable loneliness broods upon the sea,
Unutterable solitude of mist and spray,
Gray waves, gray air, gray sky—
A great and pathless way,
Where all sounds die.

—R. B. W.

Ballade of the Bond Folk

Princes and sovereigns high in pride,
Hearken now to our uncouth lay;
Pause a space as you swiftly ride
Into the shadows of yesterday.
This is the burden you bear away,
Back to that ghostly hierarchy,
When you rest at the end of the way—
Ask Canute could he chain the sea?

Knights and barons equipped and tried,
Plumed and crested in war array,
When we swept like a rising tide
On your ranks by Crécy way,
Dreamed you then of our roundelay?—
You with your tattered chivalry
Rising out of the trampled clay—
Ask Canute could he chain the sea?

Kings more subtle than all beside,
Lording it in this latter day,
Ancient powers again allied
Thunder down to renew the fray;
Though for a time our hands obey,
They are not bound eternally.
Go where the dawn of world is gray—
Ask Canute could he chain the sea?

Lords look not to laurel or bay
Nor yet to hold us fast with a fee;
Tempests there are that none can stay—
Ask Canute could he chain the sea?

—M. P., '13

When You Were Six and I Was Half-Past Four

And can it be that you are twenty-one?
Brother, it seems not half of fifteen years
Since you and I, forgetting childhood's fears,
Oft tried to find a land beyond the sun.
When you were six and I was half-past four,
Ah, then we knew the road to fairyland!
Down by the meadow, through the river's sand,
Across the bridge, we found a tiny door;
And just outside a ring by fairies made
Which none could doubt if they had eyes to see.
You were an elfland knight with strong tin blade,
And I your love, your fairy queen, must be,
Till darkening shadows made us crouch, afraid,
And we ran home to nurse and lights and tea.

—Helen Duke, Academy

Ballad of October

Through glittering forest ways like these,
The knights came riding between the trees,
Their bright plumes flashing along the breeze.

The wind is high on the hill today.

The fallen leaves on the forest floor
Rustle as silk that their ladies wore;
Glow like the jewels their ladies bore.

The wind is blowing the leaves away.

A purple veil on the valley's fire
Shrouded the goal of their keen desire,
Mystery hiding the battle's mire,

The wind is high on the hill today.

Their steeds were black on a sunset sky,
They rode down the wind as the dead leaves fly,
And here in the forest walk you and I.

The wind is blowing the leaves away.

L'Envoi

Love, shall we sigh for their passing? nay;
They held in gage for a golden day,
Life and a lady, what more ask they?

The wind is high on the hill today.

—Mary *Pinkerton* Kerr, '12

Myself

O, I am a little brown imp,
I'm wicked and wild and wee
And I live in a bummering boat
Just south of the souther-most sea.

A bummering boat, to explain,
Is a boat without reason or rhyme,
Like verse that is free and untamed,
Ridiculous and sublime.

I'm wicked because I'm not good—
I'm wild because I am so—
I'm wee for my soul is so great
That my body's had no time to grow!

—Amey Smyth, '22

Sweet Briar House

One hundred years ago a brave man stood,
With step arrested, bowed in earnest thought,
His eyes the blue and misty mountains sought,
Around him rose the giants of the wood.
“In this primeval forest it is good
That one should build a home,” he softly thought.
Perchance he closed his eyes, a vision caught
Of long ancestral lines—his bones and blood,
His children sleep; but other children there,
Who joyously seek truth, this home may have,
These arched arcades, these towers low and square,
These giant trees, whose bending branches wave
Witness to God’s mysterious, fostering care;
God thought with thee, oh, earnest man, and grave.

—A.K.B.

Night

The night is a spotted panther,
Black and gold, he steals o'er the hills,
And his breath
Coming sharp and short,
Withers the grass.
He creeps up from the east
And roams over the land
Until morning lashes him, hot and panting,
Down in the west.

The night is a beautiful woman,
All silver and grey,
With a pale diamond at her throat.
When day drags its gaudy train
Over the hill,
She moves out from the forest,
And the stone at her throat
Glitters cold and wan.
As she walks upon the chill grass,
The sounds in the darkness slip after her,
Almost silently,
Like a trailing scarf.
When the sun coming warily
Through the curtains of the mist
Would gaze upon her,
She shakes the dew from her heavy skirts
And slips into the forest.

—Hildegarde *Flanner* Monhoff, '21

Sweet Briar Lake in Springtime

When springtime, with her mighty flood of rain,
 Fills up the lake cup till the rim o'er spills,
And prisoned waters, dyed with red-earth stain,
 Burst through the binding wall in eager rills,
Then over jagged rocks the waters roam,
 Or fall in long cascades to depths below—
Loose-twisted strands of saffron, tipped with foam,
 A spiral column, carved from topaz. So,
Like liquid amber dripping through the rocks,
 Where stony fingers let the waters fall,
Or hanging, like some Titian lady's locks
 That tremble, curl-tipped from the ribbon's thrall.
It falls in glory, splashes into spray,
 Then, as a mountain brooklet, glides away.

—Clare *Shenehon* Boyd, '16

Song

Little Lady Laughter, dancing in the sun,
Dancing in the shadows till the day is done.

Little Lady Laughter wandered far away;
Shadowed was the summer and the earth grown gray.

Little Lady Laughter, found I, fairy-wise,
Little Lady Laughter, looking from your eyes.

—M. P., '13

Verse

There was tangled grass at the meadow top
And little low pines, all black with rain,
Each needle tipped with a tiny drop
That brushed your hair in the narrow lane.

In my brain a curtain was rent in two,
I knew the pines and the narrow lane,
Long, long lives ago I loved you—
Your hair all shining and wet with rain.

—Mary *Pinkerton* Kerr, '12

An Hungarian Dance

Oh, the maze of glowing colors
In the swirling, whirling dances!
Oh, the maddening gypsy music,
Breathing strange alluring fancies!
Thought and soul and very life
Fade away in dizzying motion,
Swaying misty as a dream,
Wild and throbbing with emotion.

—Rebecca *White* Faesch, '13

Chess Players

"Isay," she said, "Come play some chess with me
For I am very bored with sitting here."

But he said, "No, I think I cannot play
For it's been very long since I have played."

"But come, Isay, for I must be amused,
And tell me what the Russians call a rook
(Oh, what a funny word,) and what a king,
A knight, a pawn, a bishop, tell me all.
No, I could never learn to say those words.
But please come play at least one game with me.
Look at my lovely little ivory men,
And at my board, so curiously inlaid,
I bought them at an auction sale, Isay,
Collectors bid, and made me go sky high.
Have you in all your life seen any set
So marvelously different as these?"

He said, "Once have I seen some which I think
Might even be more different than yours.

They were the last chess men with which I played."

"Tell me about them; I must be amused."

"Amused, my dear, you will not be amused
By these, for they were merely made of bread,
And half of them were colored with a bit
Of what you call it—ah yes, with shoe black,
And for a board we had, you'll never guess,
A corner of a gray stone prison floor.
My partner was, what matter who he was,
He played a very fine and well fought game.
But finally I cried, 'You are in check.
Now let me see what clever move you'll make.'

'Isay,' he said, 'It is all just a game
And you have won.' And he got up and went,
Went with a guard who'd come just when I spoke.
And though I thought what he had said was true
I whimpered, for I could not help but feel
That it was something very wrong to see
Even a bread king taken by a pawn."

—Margaret Lee Thompson, '31

Fragment

As a bewildered bird within a room,
Prisoned by chance, strives vainly in the gloom,
And beats with frantic wings the window pane,
And falls and pants and flies at it again;

And as it seems to see beyond the glass
Beings gay and care-free, pass and repass,
And flit mid sun-soaked boughs through cloudless hours,
And drink in nectar from the radiant flowers;

Now and again in blind and heedless flight
Upsets a vase, is fearful at the sight,
Yet senses not that scattered broken bloom
As kin to what it sees outside the room;

But still it flies on, mad bird, to blunt its beak
Against the cold, unyielding glass, to seek
In vain an outlet;—so thy soul descries
The unattainable, yet tries and tries.

—Anonymous

Sheep

I wake to see a pink and golden sky
Of early morn, that, arched above the warm,
Brown tinted fields of autumn, seems to lie
Upon the velvet summits of the hills.
Gaunt trees, black in the foreground, stretch an arm
To catch the rising, purple mist and rend it.
Of sudden, comes there from the dark and fills
With silent, moving life the vacant fields,
A flock of ghostly sheep and dogs that tend it.
It lingers here to nibble at the husk
Of former pasture that no longer yields
The rich repast of summer, till the grey
Dog shepherds urge it on into the dusk;
And as the final straggler goes his way—
I am in Barbizon, with you Millet.

—K. Kemp, '20

Heat

Copper waves from a bronze city drooping in the eventide
As the molten sun sinks dripping beyond the gold horizon.
Drugged birds gasping for air,
A strong oak drooping nervelessly down, down.

Smile as you spread your wings of lava
Over a sickening world.
Scream as the oak drops, drooping no longer,
Gloat as life sizzles and smoulders in ashes, moaning.

—Anonymous

Casualty

There's a splash of blood on the mountain
To show where the autumn passed
When she tripped over sleeping dog-woods
And their sharp teeth held her fast.

—S. R. R., '21

Life

Across the spaces of eternity comes day,
And slow rain drips its soft accompaniment,
And life, with all its strange glad thrill lies spread before.

High noon, the clouds rush roaring through the dusky sky,
The thrill of life, of fighting and of strength intoxicates,
And life with all its vigor spends itself.

Day steals away; the stars come out in their lone calm,
Peace fills the soul that looks back o'er the years,
A murmur passes over all—life is spent.

—Elizabeth C. Eggleston, '19

Inherency

Storm wind, a drunk iconoclast—
A scream, a boast—and then at last
A maddened ecstasy.
And as it fought an angry tide,
Tore a crag and flung a tree aside,
A martial paeon, singing past,
Cried out to me.

.

Why is it I can hear no songs
In the breeze to which belongs
A soft humility,
That comes, a fair-faced cavalier,
To gently kiss my cheeks and hair?

Jane Guignard Thompson, '23

Alone on Unseen Heights

Just at twilight, when mists are glooming,
 Veiling the half-seen trees in ghostly pall,
Dreamy, I listen, out in the blowy darkness,
 Hearing your footsteps fall.

Just at sundown, when stars are cloud-ridden,
 And a light glows at the barred window pane,
I start, and fearful, half-see forms in the darkness,
 Hear voices in the rain.

Just at evening, when lamps are glimmering,
 And fires shine out on the cheerful, ruddy glow,
I dream, alone with myself in the gradual darkness,
 Watching the lights below.

—Amey Smyth, '22

Free

Oh, give me the stretch of the wind swept plain,
And give me the roar of the sea,
And give me the beat of the wind and the rain
As they struggle and battle with me.

And give me the crag of the mountain peak,
And the slope of the rolling hill,
The reach of the northland gray and bleak,
And the forests forever still.

And grant at the end of life's wind-swept trail,
Forever, unboundedly free,
My soul be a part of the roaring gale—
And the gale be a part of me.

—Elizabeth C. Eggleston, '19

Sonnet

But what of us, the inarticulate,
Whose souls are shaken at the beat of wings
Heard in the night, whom splendid music wrings
With painful gladness? What of us, whose fate
Is that we shall be silent when a flame
Of beauty hurts our hearts, so we are spent
With shutting in ourselves our wonderment;
Who tremble at a whisper of the name
That wrought this loveliness; whose hungry eyes
Drink in the coolness of gray stormy skies;
To whom the stars give ecstasy to hear;
Who love the birds shooting through the shining air,
Disturbing all the golden motes of dust;
Who dread, yet love, this awful beauty's thrust?

—Elizabeth Moore, '33

Four Write Love Poems

MISS CAROLINE HARPER

Age 33

Occupation: School teacher.

Hobbies: Sad movies, Ethel M. Dell and Sara Teasdale,
ice cream sodas.Ambition: To marry some nice, good man and have a
home and children.

"It matters not
Nor can it ever,
We were destined to meet,
Destined to sever.

We were two birds
Flying above,
A fog fell between

We were two flowers,
Who sensing our doom,
Continued to blossom
But lost our perfume."

KENNETH BLACKWELL

Age 40

Occupation: Highway Commissioner.

Hobbies: Ingersoll, cynicism, prizefights, Emil Jannings,
gambling.

Ambition: To show everything up.

"Thank God I'm a cynic.
I can live untroubled by doubtings and immortality.
I can read sad stories and never weep.
I'm the guy who says: Ha! Sob stuff!

There is no depth to this book or anything.
 All men are fools and women, liars.
 There is nothing good (if there is, it came here by
 accident!)
 But, best of all, I can love and never feel disappointment.
 Thank God I'm a cynic!"

PAULETTA VARE

Age 31

Occupation: Actress.

Hobbies: Foreigners and anything "cultured" and cosmopolitan, orchids and jade from tired business men, inspiration and congeniality from dirty geniuses . . . her beauty, her art.

Ambition: To be appreciated.

"If Death should come to me tonight
 And I, on merit trial, stand before that Thing
 of Things
 I should not mention vices or virtues past
 But proudly state, 'I merely loved'."

JIMMIE CARTER

Age 20

Occupation: College student.

Hobbies: Girls, Sandburg, college dramatics, communism.

Ambition: "To hurt women like one of them hurt me."

"This is going to be a poem about love.
 A sign posted on a restaurant tells you:
 'Good Sunday dinner here like mother used to serve.'
 You dash in; cold tuna fish, canned beans, apricots. . .
 Then leaving the restaurant, you pass the sign—
 You nod to it: 'You're a lie,' you say, 'And I'm a fool,'
 This is the truest poem I ever wrote about love."

—Mary Henderson, '31

Verses for Children—The Scavenger

I have a very special box
With many kinds of secret locks
That's hidden well behind my frocks
In my wee closet.

My Uncle Joel gave it me;
He brought it back from o'er the sea.
It's sandalwood and has a key
Of beaten silver.

In there I keep my treasures few,
Most of them old—but some are new.
I keep them from the public view
All for my own self.

I have a peacock feather there,
A rabbit's foot that's very rare,
A lock of shiny silvery hair
That Grandma gave me.

A Chinese coin, a chain of gold,
A string of corals—these are old;
I got them when the house was sold.
(From Aunt Louisa.)

A baby shoe that's all my own,
A whistle and a smooth white stone,
A chestnut, and a dry wish-bone
I got Thanksgiving.

A four-leaf clover, pressed and dry,
A thimble and a dragonfly—
It's wings will shiver when I try
To make them wiggle.

If you would bring me something new,
I'd probably give a peep to you;
You see, it's just the *public* view
That I object to.

—Marjorie Lasar, '34

A Poem

Astral tides for eons have drifted
Across these heavens once empty and bare;
Infinity's chasms, wide and abysmal,
Stretch only to find Eternity there. . . .
Millions and millions of suns are revolving
And pour out their fire to neighboring stars—
Rivers of ice forever are flowing
In the vast barren plains of the moon and of Mars—
The bloodshed and rage of millions of battles
Are lost in the hum of Eternity's might. . . .
Why do I stoop and smooth out a flow'ret
That wilted and drooping comes to my sight?

—Nancy Phyllis Horton, '35

A Poem

Four years she lay upon
Her narrow bed;
Four years she fought for life;
Now she is dead.
 Never will she hear again
 Raindrops tap her windowpane.
 Spider-hearted tulips will
 Light no more her windowsill.
 Never will there come her cry
 Of joy at limbs against the sky
Surging with a summer storm.
Flinging frailty aside,
Gallantly as she lived,
She died.

—Elizabeth Moore, '33

Nocturne

Why throbs the ground despite this barricade
Of time which cruelly separates tonight
From the dear phantasies of years decayed?
Why rustle all those leaves in rare delight?
No breath of air, no summer wind does blow
To even slightly stir the star-pool's gleam.
Dark Sappho walked a thousand years ago
Tonight. The ground which throbs does only dream
She moves again. Upon this night Iseult
Roamed here to still her restless heart. Each vein
And root cannot, as when she lived, exult—
They murmur discontent, the boughs complain.
Yon rose, why sheds she tear on dewy tear?
She dreams she feels the touch of Guinevere.

—Nancy-Phyllis Horton, '35

Quiet Lady

My lady, never smile nor speak,
Nor shift your body's pure repose.
The dim translucence of your cheek
Must never deepen into rose.
When once I see you breathe, the light
Of wonder fades, the glamour goes.

My lady, never move your hands,
Nor part your lips nor raise your eyes.
When a chance wind but stirs the strands
Of your dark hair, the magic dies.
Let no stray shadow cross your mouth,
Or this brief hour's illusion flies.

Inanimate as though a pall
Already masked your deathless grace,
O lady, banish, lest you fall
Each mark of flesh, each mortal trace!
*Look! silver streaming down the sky
Behind the whiteness of your face. . .*

—Alice S. Dabney, '32

Vision of a Half-Breed Trapper

On a late afternoon
of a winter's day,
I rode the prairie
on an old Indian trail
and the white snow
covered my legs,
the falling flakes
quivered
on my horse's mane
as I rode on
in deep reverie.
And lo! In the distance and around me
I saw suddenly
the red peoples!
Risen out of the blue shadows
of the dying day—
marching by
in sad exile. The Chiefs and young Braves
faced nobly
the void before them—
their women and children, brave too,
glanced not backward.
I spied high cheeks
wet with the tears of departure,
sloe-eyes, unseeing, tense
with a far-off look.
I saw there
the ghastly despair
of a nation
when in silent misery
they fly
driven onward
hopelessly, into the wind.
Saw despair in the eyes of the bravest,
saw tears on the cheeks of the conquered,
resignation in the eyes of the greatest,

saw brown faces, not without beauty,
and a calm daze pervaded the whole.
Again and again young War-Chiefs
like thunder from a wild sky
galloped past,
crying aloud to their people,
leaning low
on the necks of their ponies,
urging their people
to war.
Brown legs like bands of steel
'round the flying bodies
of their painted ponies
rushed past me,
encircling the marchers.
Crested plumes waved
in the air,
battle-cries pierced my ears.
Many, many, galloped by me
Singing, crying
to their people;
called and shouted
with high-flung arms,
held their coup-sticks
marked with waving feathers,
vanished into the blue clouds.
But they, the marchers
shook their heads,
gave no answer to appeal to war.
Nay! It is over! they said,
and trudged on in the snow.
And lo! there were tears
on my furrowed cheeks
and my beard
was covered with snow
and the wind rose and howled
and the snow fell
sadly
and I felt no joy

in the whiteness around me.
I, of the white forehead and brown face* knew
these were my brothers.
Their trail was unhappy
and I cupped my hand to my mouth—
called after them.
My cry sounded hollow
in the stillness
and no one heard,
and they marched on and on
into the blue shadows
away,
marched on and were enclosed
by the snowclouds
while the earth grew dark.

—Annette Morris, '35

*A half-breed with a brown face and pure white forehead was very common, as the exposure of the lower part of his face brought out his Indian blood, and the continual protection of the crown of his hat left his forehead very white.

To a Lady

For you, all crystal things—
The chime of glass that touches glass,
Slow drops of water falling in a pool,
The sweet vibrations of a brazen gong.
Great bells that sing their mighty songs
On frosty nights. The silver voice
Of bits of ice. The tinkling notes
Of some frail, yellow-keyed melodeon.

—Marion Walker, '34

Astarte

The moon is an evil enchantress,
Though she dresses herself like a saint, in a white woolen gown
And a halo of radiant light.
She roams through the sky while the night winds
Run away from her presence in fear.
She has green were-wolves leashed to her white wrists,
And they tug and they strain at their thongs.
But, merciless, to the stark beaches
She drives them and laughs at their fury.
Those snarling green wolves of the sea.

—E. M., '33

Geisha

The moon, like a geisha girl,
Comes out of her temple.
Her face is hid behind a fringe of cloud-fan,
But soon her breeze finger sweeps it away,
And she smiles her golden coquetry.

—Nancy-Phyllis Horton, '35

Tapestry

Thin silver armour covers me;
The frozen moonlight is my sheath.
Your words can never pierce beneath,
And you may safely set them free.

Secure within my armour, I
Send shining threads of words to weave
Among the threads of yours, and leave
A multicolored tapestry.

It shimmers in the changing air;
Its colors deepen, shift, and burn;
Its subtle patterns twist and turn
Most strangely for us everywhere.

Delight and mockery fill my eyes;
My heart is woundless, and my mind
Scorns the poor fools who would unwind
Our little lies, our lovely lies. . . .

—Alice S. Dabney, '32

"Their lives are like the leaves, scattered in flocks of ruin."—Siegfried Sassoon.

I lift my head to the blue autumnal sky
And sniff the sweet crisp air delightedly.
It breathes of fragrant new-mown shocks of corn
Which stand about me, heaped without precision.
My pitch-fork drops unheeded from my hands.
How he'd have loved to reap this field of corn!
I've never seen a man who loved a farm
As that man did. He loved the good brown earth,
The tang of burning leaves, the hunter's moon
Which redly rose above the grove of pines
Beyond his window. That is over now;
And I alone am here to till the farm.
He left it in my care. And he is dead.
He went away to war. I was too young.
He went away and never came again.
The men who own the nearest farm to this
Were with him in the trenches when he died.
They said it was a quiet afternoon,
Or quiet for the front. The tired men
Were resting some between bombardments. They
Were wondering what they'd do if Peace should come.
One said he'd spend his life in taking baths
To wash away the mud spots from his heart.
Another said he'd sleep till Judgment Day
In some still room where noises never came.
Another wanted music, colours, books.
And finally it came his turn to speak.
"I'd go straight on with harvesting," he said.
And then a sniper got him through the heart.
He'd not begrudge those Flemish fields his blood,
For now they're farms again, and he would love
To have his body spring up with the flax.
"I'd go straight on with harvesting," he said.
Oh, brother, I am harvesting for you!
But I am lonely, and the fields of corn
Can never fill the emptiness. I'm harvesting—
Oh, God! If you were only here!

—Elizabeth Moore, '33

Greek Idyll

A wave-worn Grecian coin and yellow sand
Had drifted in his upturned marble hand;
Two white-and-scarlet sea-flowers grew beside
His marble cheek, that with their blush was dyed;
The carven curls were honey-gold when day
First lit the pale deep of that Cretan bay.
His chill stone heart was sealed in deathly sleep;
Blank eyes of marble could not laugh or weep
Or see the naiad girl who smiled and cried
And in her heart his sculptured death denied.
She hung upon the shoulder's chiseled swell,
And fingered each stone curl that, twisted, fell
Upon his cheek. She, sobbing, vainly pressed
Her beating heart against the unfeeling breast,
Or, hopeless, tried to breathe, in one soft sigh,
Her own sweet life upon his lips, and die.
The kind gods made her young white beauty stone
Whose life is death, that love live not alone.

—Abigail Shepard, '33

Sonnet

How often from the dim Acropolis
At midnight when the little lights below
Like tiny silver flies danced to and fro
Have I stood watching them. How well I miss
The lilting magic of such nights; the feel
Of columns, smooth and warm although the chill
Of night had made the gazers on the sacred hill
Like ghosts of marble virgins downward steal.

Yet I forget the dusks of Thessaly
As lief my fancy turns to other things—
When you appear a Gothic churchbell rings
And cold, gray, northern skies are dear to me;
Why should you seize me with such sweet surprise—
Reflected sword-light dancing in your eyes?

—Nancy-Phyllis Horton, '35

To Father

(When the Spring is Coming)

You flattered me by telling me my feet
Could keep apace with yours when I was small.
In places where the forest streams were sweet
With blown anemone, you told me all
The names of ferns and flowers; how of old,
Before the people hurried them away,
The fairies bathing in the rapid, cold,
Clear water tossed the petals in their play.
The butterflies were fairies. You and I
Believed in them. Songs you carolled to the sky
Were songs of all the birds we ever heard.
You chose for me the blood-root with its white,
Loose petals. So, I long for you tonight.

—Nancy Tucker Wilson, '32

67 YEARS OLD

THE
FIRST
NATIONAL BANK OF LYNCHBURG



OFFICERS :

E. P. MILLER	President
O. B. BARKER	Vice-President
H. T. NICHOLAS	Vice-President
J. D. OWEN	Vice-President and Cashier
J. L. JONES	Assistant Cashier
J. L. NICHOLAS	Assistant Cashier



RESOURCES:

EIGHT MILLION, FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

THE OLD, BIG, STRONG BANK

THE PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA



OFFICERS:

JOHN VICTOR	<i>President</i>
WALKER PETTYJOHN	<i>Vice-President</i>
W. W. DICKERSON.....	<i>Vice-Pres. and Cashier</i>
W. E. PAYNE	<i>Assistant Cashier</i>
W. D. HODGES	<i>Assistant Cashier</i>

*Your Thoughts and Sentiments
for All Occasions*

ARE EXPRESSED IN THE

Most Correct Way

BY

Doyle
FLORISTS

MAIN ST.

PHONE 892

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

**The Lynchburg National Bank and Trust
Company**

NINTH AND MAIN STREETS

Lynchburg's Oldest Bank

ECONOMY

to use our

Cleaning Service

Quality work at a low cost

See our college representative

Crutchfield's
Cleaners and Dyers
Lynchburg Virginia

Brown - Morrison Company

INCORPORATED

Printers of THE BRAMBLER

Lithographers
Printers
Binders
Engravers

PHONE 2184
718 Main Street
LYNCHBURG, VA.

